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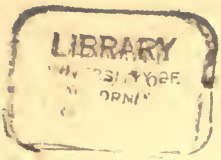
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Mr. Richard S. Storrs,

from the author.

Text and Context.

BY

HARTFORD
PRESS OF CASE, TIFFANY & COMPANY.
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["Cor ne edito," said old Pythagoras; and with no other view than to aid my observance of his wise maxim, I have written and printed this little book.]

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"I sleep, but my heart waketh."

Solomon.

My outward life is dull and dead,
A son of the earth I only seem,
With thoughts forever on daily bread,
And a daily drink from pleasure's stream.

My laugh with that of the loudest rings,
I answer the most unmeaning word,
And I listen and praise when folly sings,
As if 'twere an angel's voice I heard.

I float on the rolling river of Time,
  Where the glittering bubbles gaily sweep,
With the song of birds in the golden prime;
  And *so*, with the men of the world, "I sleep."

But "my heart" has a higher life within,
  A realm of beauty wondrous fair,
And far from the soil of sense and sin,
  I gather my choicest treasures there.

There THOUGHTS that, birdlike, soar to heaven,
  Return, like the bird to his evening-nest,
And FEELINGS, fresh as the snow new-driven,
  There find a refuge and a rest.

I live again with the men of old,
  The bard, the hero, and the sage,
With the graceful Greek, with the Roman bold,
  With the strong ones of a mightier age.

I walk among Judea's hills,
  Where the words of CHRIST like diamonds fall,
And my heart the ministry fulfills,
  Of the faithful and the fearless Paul.

And down with the centuries I glide,
  To the darkness of the Middle Age,
Where Truth and Falsehood, side by side,
  Their stern and ceaseless conflict wage.

With Luther, the iconoclast,
  Before the Emperor's throne I stand,
And my spirit thrills to the trumpet-blast,
  That wakes his slumbering Father-land.

I go with the black-browed Marseillais,
  On their dusty march in the hot July,
And I join in the noble song they raise;
  The brave ones, that "know how to die.

And where Napoleon's eagles soar,
And where they sink from mortal view,
I stand; amid the battle roar
Of Austerlitz and Waterloo.

But while in the Past my spirit lives,
The Future comes, in light arrayed,
And glimpses to my vision gives
Of a glory that shall never fade.

I see the eastern hills all bright
With the splendor of the coming sun,
And in the west the shades of night
Dissolve in beauty, one by one.

Peace waves her flag o'er sea and land,
The voice of war is heard no more,
And the waves that beat on every strand,
Bear words of love from shore to shore.

The sceptre of a thousand years
Is broken from the hand of power,
And the slave looks up, through streaming tears,
To hail his Freedom's dawning hour.

O beautiful and glorious time!
The Mecca of man's pilgrimage
Is reached; he stands erect, sublime;
The Earth has found her Golden Age.

[It was well said by Saint-Simon, "*L'age d'or qu' une aveugle tradition a place' jusqu' ici dans le passe', est devant nous.*"]

"I will give you rest."

Jesus Christ.

Poor, wounded heart! in silent sorrow pining,
Of every joy and every hope bereft,
Round thy young life, where freshest flowers were twining,
The ice of winter now alone is left.

Few months ago; the earth was full of gladness,
The sparkling fountain of delight ran o'er,
And not a shadow of the coming sadness
Warned thee that Death was 'even at the door.'

A love was thine, which he alone could render,
Who was himself the worthiest of thy love;
A care was thine, as constant and as tender,
As angel ministry from worlds above.

The sense of joy, to thy calm breast new-given,
Smiled from thy lips and brightened on thy brow,
Till the whole earth put on the hues of heaven,
And shone with beauty — Oh! how different now!

Tossed by the surges of a ceaseless sorrow,
Beating the heart and banishing repose,
While the dark day foretells a darker morrow,
And the sharp thorn remains, without the rose.

But when the lights of life have all departed,
Whispers a Voice within the desolate breast,
Trembling in music to the broken-hearted,
"Come unto me, and I will give you rest."

Rest, in the faith that heavenly wisdom guideth
The dart of death on its unerring track,
That where the gloom of midnight now abideth,
A star shall rise to smile the darkness back.

Rest, in the hope that when the flesh hath perished,
Buried with all its care, and fear, and pain,
The treasure once so loved and fondly cherished,
Shall be restored unto thine arms again.

He is not lost to thee; the world of spirit
Crowns him with glory brighter than the sun:
Thou art not lost to him; thou shalt inherit
All that is his, when life's brief day is done.

Rest, in the promise of a happier meeting;
Let the dear hope surround thy heart with peace,
And as the years of mortal life are fleeting,
Wait thou in patience for thy soul's release.

Then, like a fearful dream when one awaketh,
The sorrows of the earth shall melt away,
While on the mourner's darkened bosom breaketh
The dawn of joy, the light of perfect day.

A day that shines forever and forever,
No cloud to dim it and no set of sun;
A joy that flows in an eternal river,
Wider and deeper, as the ages run.

"Man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?" Job.

Oh when the light of life has fled,
And darkness reigns where beauty shone;
When Reason bows his fainting head,
And Silence fills the vacant throne;
Where, in that hour of sore dismay,
Has the immortal spirit gone?
The sun of life has passed away —
Where shall it find a second morn?

We wait to hear thy voice, O Earth!
To whose embrace we sadly trust
The form to which thou gavest birth,
Ere God had breathed upon its dust.
Break thou thy silence, solemn Tomb;
Speak, in the accents of the dead;
Declare the secrets of thy womb,
And show the path that spirits tread.

EARTH.

"It is not here, it is not here,
The soul of the departed dwells;
It roams not through my caverns drear,
It sleeps not in my secret cells.
My gates are crowded, day by day,
With mourners round the sable bier,
But all I hold is mortal clay —
The eternal spirit is not here."

Hush thy wild waters, roaring Sea,
And tell me, at my earnest prayer,
Does the lost spirit dwell in thee?
Is its last home appointed there?

SEA.

"My bosom holds a mighty host,
I've gathered them from every land,
The pride, the glory, and the boast
Of nations, strew the deep sea-sand.
But strength and beauty all are fled,
Their life is lost beneath the sea;
Mine is the empire of the dead;
The spirit — it is not in me."

Ye restless wanderers of the Air,
Forever round the earth ye roll:
If in your realm it lies, declare
The dwelling of the parted soul.

Air.

"I breathe in softness on the earth,
I rouse the fury of the sea,
I fan the lowly floweret's birth,
And whisper in the branching tree.
The prison of the clouds I saw,
I searched the caverns of the air,
But the spirit thou art seeking for,
It was not there — it was not there."

Hark! there are voices in the breeze,
Soft sounds of music float along,
Like trumpets o'er the distant seas:
I hear the swell of heavenly song.
Now near and loud the chorus rings;
Now ceases, and one melting voice
The hymn of happy spirits sings,
Who live to love and to rejoice.

Spirit.

"No longer mourn that I am gone,
No longer search the earth around;
To a new life my soul is born,
And here in heaven the lost is found.
Here, where the Sun of Glory sheds
A light the world has never seen;
Here, where the ransomed spirit treads
Celestial fields of living green;
Here is my home, no more to die,
No more to suffer care or pain;
I've joined the armies of the sky,
With Christ forevermore to reign."

"Are they not all ministering spirits?"

Paul.

I HAD been reading in the Book of GOD,
How he sends forth angelic ministers,
To guard His children with their sheltering wings,
And lead their weak and wandering steps to heaven.
The Book was shut; Sleep came and touched my eyelids—
Sleep, with her children Dreams; but as I lay,
The river of thought unbroken still ran on.

I was alone in the first years of manhood;
Life lay round in morning beauty; to my ear
Came music's richest tones; before my eye

Glittered all brightest colors; every breeze
Shook perfume, as it passed me, from its wings;
Day, with its sunlight, played upon my brow,
And night, dark night, shone down upon my soul,
With stars of consolation and of hope.
Friends came and smiled upon me; in my veins
Health beat its measured music, while far off
Pain, Care and bitter Disappointment stood,
Veiling their gloomy faces from my sight:—
And yet, I was not happy.

I was alone on earth, with none to love;
None who could break the seal upon my heart,
And wake to life its slumbering affections.
Wearily ran my feet the round of joy,
Heavily went by the hours in lazy flight,
Till, yearning for a good as yet unknown,
The hunger of my heart rose to my lips,
And breathed itself in prayer.

"Father Almighty!
Thou who hast made me, and whose life divine
Quickens the pulses of my mortal heart,
Give me, oh give me from before thy throne,
An angel of thy presence, who shall be
Linked with my life — companion — comforter —
In all my journey through this perilous world."

Thus with shut eyes, I reverently prayed,
And when my lips were silent, there came down,
Soft as the murmur of an infant's dream,
An answer from the sky. Alone no more!
The angel I had sought stood close beside me,
And from that hour we walked the world together.

Days, months and years went by, and not a shade
Fell on my pleasant path, but every where
It bloomed with roses, whose voluptuous breath
Stole to my heart and lulled it to repose.

I sunk in slumber, and the battle of life
Sounded for me its trumpet-call in vain.
Truth was cast down and scorned: I heeded not.
Right fell beneath the trampling feet of men:
I spake no word to turn their violence back.
My brothers of mankind lay crushed and bleeding,
And Mercy cried to me from every wound;
But on the other side my soul passed by,
For Sense had won me, and the circle of Self
Imprisoned every thought.

With pitying heart
And eyes suffused with tears, the angel stood
And mourned my traitorous sleep; till moved by love,
She came and lightly laid her hand upon me,
And with her pure, sweet lips, just touched my brow.
A sudden thrill shot to my startled heart;
The trance was broken, and the fetters of Sense
Fell from my limbs, to bind them nevermore.

Thenceforth to labor in the field of life;
To tread its rocky paths with faithful feet,
And heart of dauntless courage; to bear on,
Breasting all shocks with a firm cheerfulness,
And asking only for the smile of GOD —
This was my chosen warfare, and to this,
The angel's hand had led me.

Days, months and years went by. Weary with toil,
And fainting with the burden of the day,
Sickness assailed me, and my trembling soul
Was driven downward to the gate of death.
Pain came and scourged me with his scorpions;
The fire of thought burnt dimly, and my heart
Beat with high hopes no more. But not alone
Was I condemned to suffer; day and night,
The angel stood beside me; her soft hand
Smoothed down my pillow, and her cheerful voice
Spake consolation in my darkest hour.

Health came once more, and flushed my rounded cheek;
Strength nerved my arm for newer victories,
And I went glorying in the power of life.
She was my savior; her continual care
And love unwearying drew me from the grave.

Days, months and years went by, and a new change
Fell on my earthly fortunes. Poverty
Laid his rough hand upon me, and his frown
Scattered my summer friends, as the strong wind
Scatters the leaves from the autumnal tree.
I, who was nursed in riches, and whose path
Had been all paved with gold; I, who had seen
My slightest wish made real, by that power
Which rules the world, like GOD'S omnipotence,
Was driven now to bitter penury;
To the low wants and sordid cares which lie
Within the gloomy valley of *the Poor.*
Cast down but not forsaken, there was *One*

Who never left me, but drew closer still,
And with more tender love sustained my heart,
When it had well nigh sunk beneath its load.

So in the land of Sleep my soul moved on,
Guided by varying Dreams. They came and went,
But ever among them all, one face shone forth
With constant lustre. It was *She*, GOD-given
To be the light and beauty of my life;
The angel of my paradise; the true,
The kind, the faithful; and upon her love,
I rested with a sense of perfect peace.

Fainter now the spell of Sleep lay on me,
And, one by one, its shadows passed away;
Thought hastened from its wandering; I woke;
There stood the angel still; her name was — WIFE.

"Having no hope and without God."

Paul.

By the river of sorrow,
  My heart makes moan,
Where the world has left me,
  Alone, alone.
The willow is bending,
  The water is flowing,
The cold rain falling,
  The sharp wind blowing.
My spirit is sinking,
  My life is going.

And the dark waves murmur,
With solemn tone,
"Thou must be — thou shalt be —
Forever alone.

There is hope for all others,
But none for thee;
A grief unceasing
Thy life shall be;
A long, black night
Of misery.
The curse thou hast courted
Is now thy fate,
And repentance has come
Too late — too late.
There is nothing for thee,
But the tear and the groan,
And the voice ever crying,
Alone — alone."

On thy bank, O river!
I sternly stand,
With hell in my heart,
And death in my hand,
And I dare the doom,
Of the unknown land.
I have opened my bosom
To hot desire,
And it burns me still
With unquenchable fire:
The joy and the peace
Are forever flown;
I have lived forsaken
And die alone.

I look to heaven,
So dim and far,
And I see not the light
Of one pitying star,

And the earth lies barren
  And cold around,
And a murmur of misery
  Comes from the ground,
And the dirge of my soul
  Is in every sound.
I give my body,
  O river, to thee;
Thou shalt bear me down,
  To the silent sea,
And its gulf of darkness
  Forever hide,
How the frail one lived,
  And the lost one died.

"Without were fightings, within were fears."

Paul.

My brain is weak, my heart is weary,
And sorrow darkens all I see,
My path of life grows dim and dreary,
Its flowers and fruits are lost to me:
O God! my misery cries to Thee.

I tremble at a nameless danger,
And haunted by the ghost of Fear,
Through crowds of life I walk, a stranger,
No look of love, no voice of cheer:
O my Redeemer! be *Thou* near.

I long for light, and pray for peace;
I question, with a constant cry,
Will this keen torture never cease?
I listen, but there's no reply:
O my Creator! let me die.

There is no GOD; there is no heaven;
All fatherless our souls are born;
We are but fire-flakes, wildly driven,
To flash and fade, till all are gone:
Leave me not thus, O GOD! forlorn.

Mock me no more; I *will* have Truth,
Though all my being feel its blight;
Though every flower of Hope and Youth
Wither to ashes from my sight:
Give me, O GOD! the lightning's light.

LORD, I believe, but my weak mind
Trembles with every waving breath;
I stumble in the darkness, blind
And bleeding even unto death:
"Come unto me," the Savior saith.

"Come unto me, I am the light,
The way of wandering souls like thine,
The sun that makes all being bright
Where'er its rays of glory shine:
Come unto Me, and be thou Mine."

O peace! sweet peace! the heart at rest,
Reposing in GOD'S gracious hand,
The head on its Redeemer's breast,
And sunlight glowing o'er the land:
Thus, thus forever, let me stand.

[The last clod had been laid upon her grave, and I had returned to the silence and solitude of my desolate home. Alone with bitter thoughts, hour after hour went by, and the first shadows of the coming night began silently to enter the room, where I was sitting in a half-trance of grief. Suddenly I became conscious of a Presence beside me. Without any manifestation to the outward senses, I felt that *she* was there, yearning toward me with an infinite pity; and the voice which had so long been to me above all other music, sang to my hushed heart the words below.]

"Come up hither."

John.

I shine in the light of God,
His likeness stamps my brow,
Through the valley of death my feet have trod,
And I reign in glory now.

No breaking heart is here,
  No keen and thrilling pain,
No wasted cheek, where the frequent tear
  Hath rolled and left its stain.

I have found the joy of heaven,
  I am one of the angel band,
To my head a crown is given,
  And a harp is in my hand.
I have learned the song they sing,
  Whom Jesus hath made free,
And the glorious walls on high, still ring
  With my new-born melody.

No sin — no grief — no pain —
  Safe in my happy home —
My fears all fled — my doubts all slain —
  My hour of triumph come —
O friend of my mortal years!
  The trusted and the tried,

Thou art walking still in the valley of tears,
  But I am at thy side.

Do I forget? Oh no!
  For Memory's golden chain
Shall bind my heart to the heart below,
  Till they meet and touch again;
Each link is strong and bright,
  And love's electric flame
Flows freely down, like a river of light,
  To the world from which I came.

Do you mourn when another star
  Shines out from the glittering sky?
Do you weep when the noise of war
  And the rage of conflict die?
Then why should your tears roll down,
  And your heart be sorely riven,
For another gem in the Saviour's crown,
  And another soul in heaven.

[Was it not Xerxes, who, according to the old tradition, offered a reward for the discovery of a new pleasure?]

"Vanity of vanities."

Solomon.

The King sits on his throne,
  Ten thousand slaves around;
With gems and gold his temples shine,
  By the conqueror's laurel bound:
His armies shake the earth,
  His trumpets fill the sky,
And like the meteors of the air,
  His streaming banners fly.

But vain the trumpets' swell,
And vain the minstrels' song,
He hears no sound; he sees no face,
In all that glittering throng.
His brow is dark with grief,
His cheek is pale with care;
He sits, the centre of all eyes,
Alone and wretched there.

See, at his lifted hand,
The signal of his will,
The murmuring multitudes are hushed,
The loud uproar is still;
While circling round his throne,
Princes and warriors stand,
He speaks, and every heart awakes,
To wait his dread command.

"Wise men! my soul is sad,
It aches with loneliness;
This gallant show, these bending crowds,
Touch not its deep distress;
I am weary of the sun,
And all its light reveals;
Give me a pleasure always new,
Or a heart that always feels.

Give me another joy,
A fresh and glowing thrill;
My blood is cold, my sense is dead,
And every pulse is still.
I hear the step of Time,
His blasting breath is nigh;
Oh give me one warm, keen delight
But one, before I die.

Ye say I am a god,
For me your altars shine;
Alas! I find no pleasure in
Divinity like mine.
The bird that soars on high,
At evening seeks his nest,
But I must rise and reign alone;
For me there is no rest.

Wine! its enchanting glow
Once filled and fired my soul,
Till every thought and feeling reeled
Beneath its wild control;
The cup still meets my lip,
Its lowest depths I drain,
But the heart-warm thrill of my youthful years
Comes not to me again.

Love! I have bought its kiss,
And paid for every smile;
I slept and dreamed of perfect joy,
But I woke to treachery's wile.
Like lightning in the night,
Fire falling from above,
Then thicker darkness, deeper gloom —
So fled my dream of love.

Ambition! I have knelt
And kissed his blood-wet hand;
The sun of conquest led me on,
O'er many a mourning land.
Shrieks rose on every wind,
Tears sprinkled every plain:
That light may dazzle other eyes,
But never mine again.

Show me, ye cunning men,
The way of happiness,
That I may bathe my weary heart
In the full tide of bliss;
Oh, when I find that hidden stream,
And by its waters stray,
Jewels and gold shall be the price,
To him who points the way."

Poor with the wealth of worlds,
Monarch! thy prayer is vain;
The robe of rest, the crown of peace,
Thy hand can never gain.
Joy dwelleth in the sky,
But thou below art bound;
The brazen heaven and iron earth
Forever close thee round.

Look up — there's light above;
It streameth from a throne,
Where sits in glorious majesty,
The High and Holy One:
That light shall warm thy heart,
Shine in thy darkened mind;
Look up — look up — and hail its beam:
Alas! that thou art blind.

[Among the last words of the dying Rabelais were these, "*Je vais chercher un grand Peut-etre.*" And John Sterling wrote from the brink of *his* grave, "I tread the common road into the great darkness, without any thought of fear and with very much of hope. Certainty, indeed, I have none."]

"The land of darkness and the shadow of death." Job.

Over the dark, dark sea
I must go, for the hour has come;
But where shall my wandering spirit rest
In its final home?

My hope is a dim PERHAPS,
From the rock of Faith I am driven,
No shining light in my clouded breast,
No star in heaven.

Shall I rise to the Christian's world,
With the pure and the good to dwell,
To live forever in joy and love? —
I can not tell.

Shall I be hurled in wrath
To the penal flames below,
For endless years to suffer and sin? —
It may be so.

What if this vital force
Should be spent when the last breath flies,
And Thought and Feeling vanish in night,
As the lightning dies!

Or what if the conscious soul
  Should be damned, as was taught of old,
To live in the bodies of bird and beast,
  Years manifold!

Into the gloom I go,
  With PERHAPS alone before,
The great sea rolling all around,
  Without a shore.

The earth lies warm behind,
  And my heart clings to its flowers,
But a merciless hand is driving me on
  To my last hours.

Farewell! my eyes now close
  On the light of certain day,
And into the Dark of Death, my soul
  Plunges away.

"In thoughts from the visions of the night." Job.

From the Tower of the Night, when my eyes glanced
forth,
To the East and the West, to the South and the North,
There was darkness and stillness around;
Save the murmuring gush of a Nation's sighs,
And the faint, faint gleam of their lifted eyes,
As they lay, close-chained to the ground;
And the heavens were wrapped in a cloudy pall,
And a "horror of darkness" covered all.

One spake from below: "How long! how long!
Shall the weak be crushed and the wicked strong!
How long shall we wear the chain!
Oh help! give us help! we are dying here,
In the hand no strength, in the heart no cheer,
No light in the clouded brain."
I looked through the gloom where the speaker lay,
Till the voice of his anguish quivered away.

But the echo of numberless thousands rose,
As a stormy wind through the forest blows,
"How long must we perish here!
For our hearts are pierced with pangs untold,
And the ground we are chained to — Oh! how cold!
And the heavens above — how drear!
Look out from thy Tower and quickly say,
Is the night nearly gone? will it soon be day?

For the gloom of the Past presses down on us still,
And we strain our eyes to the eastern hill,
But no promise of light is there;
And the ringing lash, and the clanking chain,
And the sob of grief, and the cry of pain,
And the silence of despair —
All sounds of terror, all sights of woe,
Come gath'ring around our prison below.

We pray to man, and he scorns our prayer;
We pray to GOD, but the empty air
Returns no sound nor sign;
Hope whispers to our hearts no more,
While we hear the Demon of Darkness roar,
"Ye are mine, forever mine."
And our shuddering souls are swiftly driven,
From the pity of men and the help of heaven.

But the end is nigh. Let the eye of sorrow
A glance from the prophet's vision borrow,
To pierce the curtain of woe;
The chains *shall* be broken, in wrath or in love,
And light *shall* come from the realms above,
Or — fire from the depths below.
Must our freedom be born of love or of hate?
We wait; for an hour and a day — we wait."

Then a sudden silence settled around,
And I stooped to listen, but heard no sound
From the shut lips beneath;
Till an awful Voice spake close to my soul,
"Hark! hear'st thou the distant thunders roll?
They are sounding the trumpet of death.
For the hour has come. Stand still and see
The terrible birthpangs of LIBERTY.

A flame, as of lightning, filled the air,
And I saw in its red, volcanic glare,
Millions of marching men;
Each hand was armed with a broken chain,
And their voices burst in a long, wild strain,
Till the heavens replied again,
"We are free; we are free; we have seized the crown;
Woe now to the tyrants that trampled us down."

Then the tumult of battle rang up to the sky,
With the shriek, and the groan, and the suppliant cry,
For mercy that never was given;
Through the shivering hills an earthquake rushed,
And a thousand fountains of fire upgushed,
And glared in the face of heaven;
Over valley and plain the hissing flood
Ran down to the Tower whereon I stood.

And I saw no more, for Ruin came,
And swept over all with his breath of flame,
And dashed his fiery wave,
Till tower and town came rushing down,
With the soldier's sword and the monarch's crown,
And the fetters of the slave;
All level alike on the roaring flood;
All buried at last in fire and blood.

"Love is of God."

John.

I AM a wanderer over the seas,
And a dweller on the shore;
My voice is heard in the balmy breeze,
In the terrible tempest's roar.

I fly with the eagle through the air,
I walk on the earth with men,
I sleep with the lioness in her lair,
With the tiger in his den.

My tones are in the running brooks,
  My breath in the flowers of spring;
Through the eyes of the dove my spirit looks;
  In the nightingale's voice I sing.

The lightning of heaven, I flash within
  The soul that pleads in prayer,
And I melt the adamant of sin,
  Like snow in the summer air.

And when the moon is in the sky,
  And the dew upon the grass,
And gentle sounds are floating by,
  As the evening shadows pass;

I whisper the tale so often told,
  In the blushing maiden's ear,
Till heavenly forms she seems to behold,
  And heavenly voices hear.

My name is LOVE; my own bright home
In the firmament afar,
But down to the earth do I sometimes come
In the light of a falling star;

To sound in the laugh of household mirth,
To breathe on the pure heart-kiss,
And to brighten the face of the fallen earth,
With a smile of perfect bliss.

[THERE are some feelings which never grow old. A thousand times we may give them exercise and utterance, but at each return, they show the strength and freshness of their first action. Chief among these is the love of that HOME into which we are born when the earth receives us. It clings to the heart as long as life, and no after fortune, however brilliant, can fill the bosom with such satisfying delight, as the memory of those joys which encircled, like an armed guard, our life's beginning.]

"Our house which is from heaven."

Paul.

O WORD of many thoughts! HOME, sacred HOME!
With longing love my heart looks back to thee;
From the dim verge of life thy voices come,
And move my soul with mournful melody.

As the lone bird above the ocean flying,
Rests on the wave and folds her weary wing;
As the sick lion, in the desert dying,
Pants for the cooling shade and flowing spring;
So rests my love in thee,
So pants my soul for thee,
Dear HOME.

Give me again the peace of infant life,
My mother's fervent kiss and yearning smile;
Bring back the years of youth, the playful strife,
The mimic passion and the harmless wile;
When up the air the skylark gaily springing
Poured on the earth his sun-saluting strain,
And by my side my little sister singing—
I knew not which was sweetest of the twain:
The skylark's song for me,
My sister's voice to me,
At HOME.

There, when the sun uprose in glorious light,
With kindred light and joy I met his ray;
There, in the quiet darkness of the night,
I sweetly slept the lingering hours away;
There, on the banks of rivers freshly flowing,
I watched the waters as they murmured by;
There, when the summer wind was softly blowing,
I lay and dreamed of music in the sky.
Life was all bright to me,
When I had rest in thee,
Sweet HOME.

Thus Memory wakes and counts her dropping tears,
Thus sadly turns to old, departed joy,
Till, all-forgetting the long lapse of years,
I seem once more a happy-hearted boy.
Alas for me, that Time is ever flying!
The friends that blessed my childhood, live no more;

One after one, I saw them sickening, dying,
And so they fled to the eternal shore.
Like the last gleam of day,
They vanished all away,
From HOME.

Not lost — not lost — above yon arch of blue,
That smiles and brightens as I gaze on high,
The friends of my young years, the fond, the true,
Have found their promised mansions in the sky.
All safely gathered in their heavenly dwelling,
Prepared of old for them that love the LORD,
With songs from golden harps in rapture swelling,
They live to praise him and obey his word.
Oh! could my spirit free,
Break its flesh-chains and see
That HOME!

"And she was a widow."

Luke.

Alone, alone, thou passest by me now,
With weary step and sorrow-laden head;
The shadow of thy heart is on thy brow,
Thy living soul dwells ever with the dead.

Around thy path the flowers of summer spring,
Sighing their sweetest breath when thou art nigh;
The breeze of summer fans thee with its wing,
And songs of summer fill the glowing sky.

But all unseen the stars of beauty roll,
  There is no glory on the land or sea;
The Prison of the Past confines thy soul,
  And memory makes the only life for thee.

O happy days! forever, ever fled;
  O heart beloved! that beats with life no more;
O Hope, the angel! wounded, bleeding, dead;
  O sea of sorrow! sea without a shore.

[I stop writing in despair. The most vivid and powerful words of all language, were it possible for me to use them, would seem, by their very feebleness, only to mock the unutterable agony of the widowed heart.]

"The world passeth away."

John.

Half in light, and half in shade,
  This was the earth's primeval plan,
And Gloom and Glory still are made
  To interchange their gifts to man.

Millions salute the rising sun;
  In deepest darkness millions lie;
While stars of beauty, one by one,
  Shine out and vanish from the sky.

With dance and song goes forth the bride,
Joy beating in her innocent breast,
For proudly, fondly, at her side,
Walks one who loveth her the best.

Pass on — a funeral train is near,
Moving with footsteps sad and slow,
And there upon the heavy bier,
The husband of her heart lies low.

In hope and pain a child is born,
And a new light to earth is given;
Then from the tree the flower is torn,
And wafted upward into heaven.

In yonder hall the gay have met,
With wit and wine the hours are flying;
In yonder hut rough cheeks are wet
With tears for her who lies a dying.

Into the rush of life we go,
  Where crowds are struggling for the crown,
One wins; but his victorious blow
  Must beat a hundred brothers down.

Hope in her beauty sails along;
  With music sweet she fills the air;
But in the pauses of her song,
  We hear the answers of Despair.

Half in shade and half in light,
  So moves the world from day to day;
Sorrow may come in the clouds of night,
  But joy returns with the morning ray.

O man! bewildered in life's maze,
  Learn thou the wisdom of this rhyme,
IN JOY REMEMBER THE EVIL DAYS,
  AND IN SORROW HOPE FOR A HAPPIER TIME.

[By the words "crown," "mitre," "temple," "throne," "altar," as used in the lines following, I am far enough from intending a reference to any rightly constituted and rightly exercised Authority; whether of a temporal or spiritual nature. But I take them as representatives of the political and ecclesiastical DESPOTISM under which the world has so long groaned, and which, even now, is only beginning to relax its murderous grasp upon the bodies and souls of men.]

"Overturn, overturn, overturn."

Ezekiel.

FORWARD! the day is breaking,
Earth shall be dark no more;
Millions of men are waking,
Their long, long sleep is o'er;
With trumpets and with banners,
The world is marching on;
The air rings with hosannas;
Forward! the field is won.

Trampling on crown and mitre,
How steadily we go!
While bright and ever brighter,
The fires of morning glow.
Behold! the foe is flying,
Blasted by light from heaven,
Or in the battle dying,
Unwept and unforgiven.

Forward! though storm and thunder
May roar to beat us back;
Though the earth cleave asunder
Across our constant track.
No shapes of terror frighten
Hearts that are true and strong,
But the flames their pathway brighten,
And the thunders roll in song.

Forward! The world before us
Listens to hear our tread,
And the calm, pure heavens o'er us,
Smile blessings on our head;
Hope, like an angel, hovers
Above the way we go,
And the shield of Patience covers
Our hearts from every foe.

Forward! Let none now falter;
The glorious end is near,
When temple, throne and altar,
Shall fall and disappear.
Truth, born of heaven, shall guide us
To his own pleasant land,
And evermore beside us,
Freedom and Love shall stand.

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